

# COMIC MONTHLY

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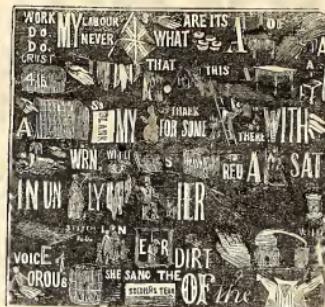
Miss Laura Keene, in the Seven Sisters.

## Games and Puzzles, for Christmas and New Year.

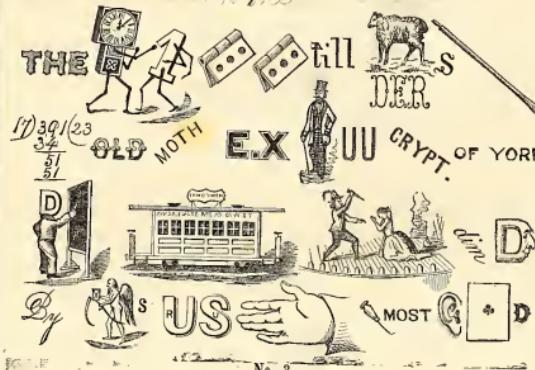
For the Amusement of our younger readers during the Holiday season we offer the following collection of Puzzles and Games. We hope by this means to have a share in the Christmas festivities of many thousand family circles in which the Comic Monthly is a welcome visitor.



No. 1.



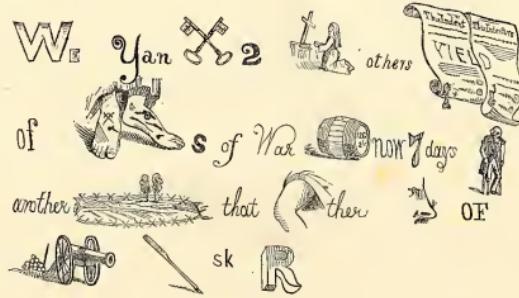
No. 2



—No. 37



五〇八



No. 5



No. 6

NEGRO ELOQUENCE.—My colored friend, George Edward Fitz-Augustus, while in Washington Market, walked up to the wagon of a fat countryman, and after peering for some time at his stock, inquired—“Are dose good taters?”

"Yes, sir!" responded the countryman.

"A taster," resumed George Edward Fitz-Augustus, "is inevitably bad unless it is invariably good. There is no madeocracy in combination ob a taster. The exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and beauteous, while the interior is totally negative. But, sir, if you wouds the article ob your own recommendation, knowyng you to be a man ob probability in your transactions, without any funder circumspections, takes a bushel ob that superior vegetable!."



Philanthropic Western Farmer who mesmerises his Pigs before killing them.



A Popular Lady—She Carries all Before her.

BONBONS FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

It will be pastime, passing excellent,  
If he be bushwaled with modesty.—SHAKESPEARE.

—CECILLA.

*A Ronde, and Game, from the French.*

This lively game has a sort of family likeness to "Blindman's Buff," but is, we take it, an improvement upon that rather boisterous amusement. The players dance in a circle, holding a wand, which is always in the hand of the blindfolded, and holds in her hand a wand while they sing the first of the following verses. They pause; then the blindfolded player points her wand to one of the circle, who is constrained to take hold of the end of it, and to repeat after her, "It is Cecilia." Cecilia is a sort of character in the game, and names her correctly, she, in turn, assumes the wand and bandage, and the game recommences. If the blindfolded player is unsuccessful, she has to try her skill again, and another verse of the song is sung.

CECILLA.

My parents had an child but me;  
And at, at! they could not agree,  
They said, "It is the salt sea;  
And as such they served Cecilia."

And as I said' across the sea,

The wild, the routing monster sea,

The captain held me to me,

He said, "It is Cecilia!"

Good day! Good day!

It's you, it's you, C. Cecilia!

My parents had no child but me,

And as, at! they could not agree,

I was soon dispatch'd over the briny sea—

Even as they served Cecilia!

And as I said' across the sea—

The wild, the routing fretting sea—

The captain cruel—he frowned at me,

With a "Good yes, Cecilia!"

"Yes, yes, Cecilia!"

Lead round the wind, wild was the sea;

Yet the captain cruel would drown at me—

Have you any siller for my C. Cecilia?

I looked at him, he looked at me;

"O, captain, I've but hawhaws three,

Which I will render up to thee!"

So sighed—as sighed—Cecilia!

Yes—yes, Cecilia!

But the captain cruel and I whispered me—

"I'll take the siller, and thy hawhaws three;

But thou shall sing a medley.

Sing—so sing—Cecilia!"

Then I sang again, with a heart of glee—

"There is not siller for you or me,

We have only hawhaws three!"

So sang—so sang—Cecilia!

II.—LA BELLE MARGUERITE.

*A Game from the French.*

A young girl (MARGUERITE) kneels, surrounded by her companions, who are seated in a circle about her, so as to represent a bower; and, so long as they be wove together for that purpose. A gentleman is chosen to personate the FRANK CAVALIER, who advances, singing

the first verse of the following ronde. The Chorus reply—He sings again, and they alternate the verses until he sings "I'll bear away a bough," when he leads off one of the group. This is repeated until only one player is left, who is the Marguerite. The Cavalier asks, "What have you there, sweet girl?" She replies, "A bower of leanness," which he threatens to overthrow. Immediately MARGUERITE and her companions rise, and run off to their companions, pursued by the CAVALIER, who has to leave his bower, and, in his chagrin, tries to pull it to him; but if they escape him, all join hands, and dance merrily round, renewing the game at pleasure. Note.—THE CAVALIER, if unsuccessful, pays a forfeit.

LA BELLE MARGUERITE.

Where is fair Marguerite?  
I know, I know, the turketh here.  
O bring me to her feet,  
O bring me to her feet,

The bold, the bold French Cavalier

Chorus.

She sits within her bower,  
The moonlight falling near;  
She sits within her bower,  
The moonlight falling near;  
It is not yet the hour,  
It is not yet the hour,  
It is not yet the hour,  
It is not yet the hour,

It is not yet the hour,  
O brave frank cavalier

It is not yet the hour,  
O brave frank cavalier!

Solo. O bring me, bring me to her feet,

Chorus. To her feet.

It is not yet the hour,

It is not yet the hour, not yet the hour!

It is not yet the hour,

It is not yet the hour, not yet the hour!

It is not yet the hour, not yet the hour!

Solo: CAVALIER.

What hast thou there, fair girl?

It is mine own, my sweet?

I know that (golden) ear!—

"Tis like Marguerite!

MARGUERITE'S COMPANIONS.

A bower of leanness

Is all thou sees' here;

Touch me one woodless-true,

O daring Cavalier!

Solo: CAVALIER.

I'll gather every flower,

I'll hear each leaf away,

Till Marguerite's secret bower

Shall know the light of day.

(MARGUERITE and her companions rise and run off, pursued by the CAVALIER.)

Chorus. (If the Cavalier is unsuccessful.)

"Tis not with me by power,

To hold the blythe seat;

Thou canst not sole the bower

Of La belle Marguerite!

Or (If the CAVALIER is successful.)

It is within his power,

He canst not at her feet,

And his and hers the bower,

Ah, La belle Marguerite!

Solo: CAVALIER.

Where is fair Marguerite?

I know she bides afar;

O bring me to her feet,

Her own, her Cavalier!

Chorus.

She dreams within her bower,

The moonlight falling clear—

It is not yet the hour,

O brave Frank Cavalier!

Solo: CAVALIER.

I'll gain her calm retreat,

My vassals she'll sleep to hear—

When kneelst at her feet

Her fond Frank Cavalier.

Chorus.

Tis not within thy power

To climb her wat'ry power,

Then canst not gain her bower,

O rash Frank Cavalier!

Solo: CAVALIER (ending of one of the group.)

I'll bear away a bough,

Until the path is clear—

Scop shall she list the woe

Of her Frank Cavalier!

[Repeat Chorus.]

Solo: CAVALIER.

I'll take another bough,

Until the path is clear—

O Marguerite, listen now

To thy sad Cavalier!

[Repeat Chorus.]

III.—THE BRIDGE OF AVIGNON.

*A Ronde, and Bridge from the French.*

This, to our knowledge, is a very agreeable piece, and deserves slight embellishment, as does some other popular among boys, "Dumb Motion." To render it effective the leader ought to be a good mimic, with a quick appreciation of the ludicrous. The performers form a circle, with their legs in the center, and dance round him, singing the first four lines of each verse. Then they use another line, singing the last line, imitate their leader, who dramatically represents the person alluded to. Again they join hands and dance round, singing. The game can be continued until the leader's power of invention are completely exhausted.

Upon the Bridge of Avignon

Songs have a merry sound,

And lads and lasses, youth and age,

Trip hither-and-thither around;

Come first the swell—a, ho,

And twirls his whiskers—so!

And twirls his whiskers—so!

(See Page 6)



*It's a nice thing to have an affectionate child to welcome you when you come home of an evening, is it not?*

**Smoking a Cigar in Boston.**

Fred Ross is a living illustration of the value of good manners. By more politeness and tact he makes his way easily through all kinds of difficulties, when most of ten times his ability would be of no avail. In this, we have heard, this fellow—unconscious of his own tact at times—has had his full share of trouble.

Fred in his travels, some time ago, stopped at the Tremont House, in Boston, where T— called upon him one evening, and there two started out in a stroll. As they left the hotel, T— said to Fred, "I say, Fred,

"You can't smoke here, Fred," said George, "it's contrary to law to smoke in the streets of Boston. The policemen are wide awake, you'll find."

Fred—[smiling]—"I'll smoke this cigar out before I leave this street," said Fred, reply.

"Done," answered George, and the kept on slowly down the street. Fred smoked with conspicuous energy.

"Hello, there, you sir!" said a civil guard, with a voice like a bull, as he stepped out and cut that cigar, will you? You mustn't smoke in these 'ere streets."

Fred—[not smoking, his friend]—"Puff, puff, puff. Why not?"

Policeman—[decidedly]—"Cos it's ag'in the laws of the corporation. That's why."

Fred—[blushing]—"In the day time, you mean, perhaps, sir?"

Policeman—Daytime or night, it's all the same. Taint allowed at all. So if you just please—

Fred—[certainly]—"Puff, puff." A fellow who has any sense [puff, puff]—I mean, for a law, [puff, puff]—particularly in a respectable city like Boston, [puff, puff]. But I suppose if I go back to the Tremont House, I can smush my cigar there?"

Policeman—Oh, yes! There aren't no rules ag'in smokin' in Boston."

Fred—[saying]—"Puff, puff, you couldn't come in with us and take something!" [This was before the Maine Law.] I want to get some information about your fine old city for an intelligent man like yourself, [puff, puff]. Now, was it not made taken with a place in all my life, [puff, puff, puff, puff]

Policeman—[such old chit-chat]—"Couldn't do it, sir; most obnoxious, but it's contrary to law, you know."

Fred—[enthusiastically]—"Now that what I like in you Boston officers, [puff, puff]. You are respectable men, [puff, puff]. There're no inducings you to neglect your duty, [puff, puff, puff]. You are all native Americans, I suppose."

Policeman—Wal, most on us is. There's a few Irish, but some say [mysteriously] they won't be in the force long.

Fred—[politenly]—"I'll tell you what, my friend, [puff, puff] this foreign influence is the bane of our country, [puff, puff, puff]."

Policeman—[less so, sir]—

Fred—[noticing that they meet in these foreigners, [puff, puff]]—That they profess to obey the law, and all the time they will be breaking it right before your eyes, [puff, puff, puff]."

Policeman—Wal, that's all, first, sir. But if you wouldn't mind not smoking now, sir, you'd like me.

Fred—[Why, bless my soul, [puff, puff]]—I've been smoking at this time! [puff, puff]. See the force of habit, for I am a man, representing his country, and you take me to smoke after you get home, [puff, puff]. There can't be anything improper in that, you know, [puff, puff,

**puff, puff]**

Policeman—Well, I guess there ain't. I don't care if I take one.

Fred—[shows George the stump of his cigar, smoked to the lips.] Now see what it is for a city to have respectable officers? It's a low, rough, domineering sort of a fellow, I used to stop and when a man like you speaks in spite of him, he, when a man like you speaks to me, what do you think, without saying a word, [throws away the stump ostentatiously.]

Policeman—Thank you, sir. I wish all gentlemen would be in the way of acting, sir. Glad obeged, sir. Good night, sir.

Fred—Good night, my friend. I say, George, that last two days afterwards, Fred was promenading Broadway in Boston, and in the course of time he had gained by the remarkable operation of smoking a cigar in a policeman's face in one of the streets of Boston.

—

ONE

since an attorney brought a suit against a man for having called him a rascally lawyer, yet, the old husbanding n being a witness, was asked the name of the man, and he said his name call him a lawyer.

"I did," said the re—

"Pray," said the Judge, "what is your opin-

ion of the import of the word?"

"There can be no doubt of that," replied the fellow.

"Why, good man," said the Judge, "there is no disno— or, I mean, is there?"

"I know, and that's what that man said," answered he, "but this I do know, if any man called me a lawyer, I'd knock him down."

"Why, sir," said the Judge, pointing to one of the coun—

selmen, "gentleman is a lawyer, and that, and I, too, am a lawyer."

"No no," replied the fellow, "no, my lord; you are a Judge, I know, but I'm sure you are no lawyer."

A WING'S STRANGER.—At a late ball in Paris, a very

about gentleman, representing a local concern, and his charming wife, insisted very importunately, at the close of a polka, that madame should return to the bosom of her family.

"Never mind," she said to her partner; "ask me to go to my room, and I will be there." She was

forming, when her husband's hat, and threw it out of the window. Then returning, and requesting her spouse to first find his hat, and then the carriage, she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours before the hat could be found.



*Mr. Elliot having presented his wife with a sewing machine, comes home at night, to find a mountain of new collars. The only way in which he can hope to wear them all, is depicted in the fancy picture on the wall.*

"Mr. Elliot having presented his wife with a sewing machine, comes home at night, to find a mountain of new collars. The only way in which he can hope to wear them all, is depicted in the fancy picture on the wall."

**An Anti-Bilious Turkey.**

Cuff was a gentleman's gentleman down in old Virginia, and a darkey of most unblotted honesty and truth; but he would sometimes tell tough stories. He met "Kursel Johnson's nigga" as he called him, the other day, and after a few words of conversation, when a number of visitors appearing to their masters, they fell into the following conversation:

"So—Well, Cuff, how you was?"

"Cuff—Well, I jis' as well as you was."

"Cuff—Oh, day is alig' to be round, 'cept ole man's

darkey; she had do de doct'r e other day. He came in, looked at her, an' say she was bilious, and giv her a box

of engine vegetable pills. When ole doct'r go, she up an' took out a box out of the wall. She had a box of

pills, no, sah. Wal, ole turkey cou'n't kum, an' greedy cass, he gobbl'd down de pills, buss an' all, wid dis whole

drubbers in food different language. Next day he had to be bled, and when ole doct'r come in, he took him on de table biled wid eyster sass; massa founish his knife, and try to cut him up—couldn't git de knife into him."

"Cuff" says, "how long did yer bile dis turkey?"

"Bile him an hour, sah."

"Take him away an' bile him another hour."

"So I did, an' de company wait."

"Cuff—Oh, day is alig' to be round, 'cept ole man's

darkey; she had do de doct'r e other day. Wal, I brought de

turkey in, an' massa founish his big knife ag'in an' try to cut him; but he couldn't do it, no sah!"

"Take him away an' bile him another hour."

"So I did, an' de company wait."

"Cuff—Did de company wait?"

"Take him away an' bile him a week!"

"Sam—Did de company wait?"

"Cuff—Oh, yes, de company waited! Day were bound to

de turky, an' day out, yer. Wal, I brought de

turkey in, an' massa founish his big knife ag'in an' try to

cut him; but he couldn't cut a hole in him old an' he wouldn't be cut. Massa send for de doct'r, took de turky an' bring de doctor come, look at de turkey—look all over him."

"He no use; you can't bile dis turkey, for he has taken

in dem."

—

ADVERTISING THE JURY.—A friend in Louisiana, of the legal profession, writes in this wise:—

"A man who had never seen the inside of a court house and who was introduced to a witness, who was called to give evidence, in a case pending in

one of our District Courts, sitting last fall, the witness was part of the State, being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury, and began telling his story to the Judge. Just then, a man, who was a lawyer, and a very learned one, addressed himself to the jury, and said to them—

"The man made a short pause; but not comprehending what was said to him, continued his narrative. His Honor was very much surprised, and said to him—

"Speak to the jury, sir—the men sitting behind you on the bench."

"The witness then turned around, and making an awk-

ward bow, said, with great gravity of manner—

"Good-morning, gentlemen!"



Paying Toll. No. 1

(For the information of the benighted city reader, if any such we have, we must explain that in the rural districts, the sterner sex, when "sleighting the dear," are privileged to exact a kiss whenever crossing a bridge. This is called "paying toll.")

**THE FORM OF HABIT.**—Early habits of thought and expression are seldom entirely eradicated. This is true of Little Compton, Rhode Island, and resided for many years with a rich aunc't in *Providence*, the said relative being a maidened lady of great delicacy and refinement, as maiden ladies are wont to be. Of course, the same was true of the aunc't's daughter, and she was a good girl, though rather harridanish. In course of time, she was engaged to be married, and Madeline, the most fashionable dress-maker in *Boston*, was retained. The little dress was to be made in a week, and the aunc't allowed ample time for alteration, if needed. It did not come up to time appointed. Now arrived—no dress, excuse—another disappointment: morning, and the morning of the wedding-day, the aunc't was still in bed, though she was to be a bride. "What's the matter?" she asked, as she awoke. "I can't get up," she said, "I am too ill." Little Compton was in despair. She was eleven-chained from the "Old South," and the dress came home. Only a few minutes to spare! the bridegroom, with trembling fingers, rated the blushing bride. "What's the matter?" he asked. "I am too ill to look?" they asked. "Look! I said Little Compton, with tears in her eyes, "why, blist my sister's cat's tail, if she hasn't clowned up my fore-top-sail so that a Dutch luggage is a beauty beside me?"

How the Cock's Comb was Cut.—A young gentleman out West got himself into a singular fix, recently. He arrived here one fine evening, and put up at our principal tavern and while he was making preparations to dismiss himself, he heard music and dancing in an upper chamber. The landlord, who was an old acquaintance, informed him that a ball was going on in the hall above, and he asked



Paying Toll.—No. 2

MISS SIMPKINS.—(No longer young). "Ahem! Is not that a bridge? Be very careful how you drive, I'm very nervous going over bridges."

(Something in the distance has evidently attracted the gentleman's attention, as he doesn't seem to hear.)

him to go up with him, to be introduced to, and join revellers. This he declined, on the ground that he was not properly dressed for such an occasion, and that a shirt is less well seen than a coat. Never mind that the big, bold, bairnsid, "I give you a shirt!" he stepped into the next room, and brought forth a garment which would have been a large pattern for Dame Lambert, and holding it up, said, "There, now, is a coat for you, and a shirt to go with it, and a waistcoat to go with that." On second thought the laundress could "do better" for him. One of the girls was ironing some shirts in the house, and he would "get him one to suit him," so he disappeared, and presented himself in a new shirt. See, said the laundress, "he is a bairn, but he has a hand, and has made a halef teetle, and is led to the half room." Being a young man from a no larger place, and rather good looking, while he found difficulty in obtaining "partners," and these happened

"N U S—"Dean Swift, getting ready for a ride on horseback, called for his boots. The servant brought them. "Why didn't you black them?" asked the Dean. "Because you'll soon get them splashed on the road, and I thought it wasn't worth while." A minute afterward the servant asked Swift for the key of the pantry. "What for?" said the master. "To get some breakfast." "Oh," said the Dean, "as you will be hungry two hours hence, it isn't worth while."



ed the man's spouse to furnish her husband with a little animal food once or twice a day. The wife said nothing but no sooner had the doctor departed, than she bolted out of the house and shouted to a neighbor, "What do you think they've ordered for our John to eat now. 'Animal food'!" "And a very good thing too," replied the neighbor. In a passion, the former exclaimed, "Why, you're just as bad as them! How is it likely our John can eat hay, and not straw, and such like stuff? Besides, he ain't got any teeth!"

**NUTSHELL KERNEL.**—A young ensign of a regiment, residing in lodgings, the sitting-room of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave, said, "Well, Charles, and how much longer do you mean to stop in this nutshell?" To which he wittily replied, "Until I become a kernel."

THE COMIC MONTHLY.



Pleasant.

Just at a critical moment in your financial affairs, when all your tact has been called into requisition to keep matters straight, your partner, who is a man of weak nerves, unable to stand the anxiety of mind any longer, drops his sorrow in the dusting-bowl, and comes to tell you how he has tickled old Scrooge (your most important creditor) and discharged all the hands, and twists up by observing that things is chekched—shoo-oo.

Upon the Bridge of Avignon  
Bells have a merry sound,  
And the folk are happy folk  
The bithers are very sound :

*Miss Fanny next : ha, ho,*  
    *And sighs, and simpers—so !*  
    *And sighs, and simpers—so !*

Upon the Bridge of Avignon  
Harp have a birdlike sound,

And the folk are happy folk

*The bithers are very sound :*  
    *Comes Lubin next : ha, ho,*  
    *And reaps the harvest—so !*  
    *And reaps the harvest—so !*

Upon the Bridge of Avignon  
Drums have a martial sound,

And the folk are happy folk

*More bithersmously around :*  
    *Now comes the soldier : ha,*  
    *"Attention ! " Ready ?—so !*  
    *"Attention ! " Ready ?—so !*

Upon the Bridge of Avignon  
We hear the mill-wheels sound,

And the folk are happy folk

*And still the mill goes round :*  
    *The miller next : ha, ho,*  
    *Who grinds the barley—so !*  
    *Who grinds the barley—so !*

Upon the Bridge of Avignon  
Lutes have a tender sound,

And the folk are happy folk

*More bithersmously around :*  
    *The lover comes : ha, ho,*  
    *To kiss his lady—so !*  
    *To kiss his lady—so !*

IV.—THE KING'S CHEVALIER.

A circle is formed and a player chosen to stand in the centre. Another remains outside the circle and personates the KING'S CHEVALIER. The dancers require of him, "Who passes by this way so late ?" in which the CHEVALIER answers, "The night shineth bright, the wind doth sweep round the player in the centre." The song, which is sung alternately by the CHORUS and the CHEVALIER, being finished, the dancers raise their arms, and the CHEVALIER answers, "Kiss in the Ring." When the fugitive is caught both she and her partner occupy the center of the circle while the last verse is sung. A different selection of players is then made, and the game recommences.

THE KING'S CH

Who pass by this way so late,  
Comrades of the Majolaine ?

The guards will close the castle gate

Upon the gallant train.

SC.

I am a herald from the king,

Comrades of the Majolaine !  
His royal will I bithers bring,  
With a most gallant train.

CHORUS.

Who passes by this way so late,  
Comrades of the Majolaine ?  
The guards will close the castle gate  
Upon the gallant train !

CHORUS.

I am a herald from the King,  
Comrades of the Majolaine,  
His royal commands I bithers bring  
With a chivalric train !

CHORUS.

We are all sea, and fair would be,  
Comrades of the Majolaine,  
What's our Sovereign has decreed  
With a chivalric train !

SC.

You have a maiden fair to see,  
Comrades of the Majolaine,  
Who shall be her, his queen-be,  
With a peerless train !

SC.

We have no maidens fair to see,  
Comrades of the Majolaine,  
Als ! where should such beauties be,  
And where their peerless train ?

SC.

Nay, you have beauties very fair,  
Comrades of the Majolaine,  
With curls of gold or raven hair,  
To charm an ardent train !

SC.

When bells chime forth the midnight hour,  
Comrades of the Majolaine,  
Come, come, and pluck the fairest flower  
In all our simple train !

SC.

The midnight shineth an hour ago,  
Comrades of the Majolaine,  
Upon the wind swing to and fro,  
To wake your simple train.

SC.

What dower shall be the maiden's share,  
Comrades of the Majolaine,  
If she will to your king repair,  
And lead his knightly train ?

SC.

Brave burning gems and tawny gold,  
Comrades of the Majolaine,  
And robes in many a silken fold  
To charm her peerless train !

SC.

Nor gems, nor gold, nor pearls dress,  
Comrades of the Majolaine,  
Can any truthful maiden bless  
Nor all her peerless train.

CHARLEY.—"I say Sis, I want to write to Clara, and don't know what to say to her."

SIS.—"I say you'll share of your moustache, if she'll have you, she can't resist you if you make that sacrifice."

CHARLEY.—"Hm ! ha ! I dunno: Don't you think that's asking a little too much

CHARLEY.—Add six to ten if you would know my First  
the end of man my Second will disclose; my Whole of al  
created things the worst, as many a husband to his sorrow  
knows.

CHABADES.

BY THE LATE T. E. HERVEY.

No. 1.

IN my Second's pleasant shade,  
Hew my First sweet music made !  
Till there came my cruel Whole,  
Stained the one, the other stole.  
Ah ! that First and Second e'er  
Lent their names to such a shade !

Call my Second, call my First,  
And you name my Whole accurst,  
Ah ! to each, what cruel spite  
Pays for that hapless rite,  
Ask the silence, where it grieves  
O'er a lost song 'mong the leaves.

From my Second sunless rain  
Soon shall wash away the stain—  
What is with that pale green great  
When in truth Whole he been,  
But in heart my First shall pour  
Through my Second never more.

Nevermore, when sunshine falls  
Through my Second's leafy walls,  
She'll be the pale green great,  
Mid that temple, from my First,  
Ah, the song it self betrayed !  
Could they fear my Whole, who played  
In those sweet names of their own ?  
Yet, both are wronged,—and one is gone.

No. 2.

When but a boy, just newly nured,  
I stored my marbles in my First ;  
Grown to a man, when dull or sad,  
My Second soothed and made me glad  
My Whole, throughout all my living years,  
Has been a horror to my ears.

No. 3.

I am found beneath the ocean and the streams ;  
I am the home of flowers,—the nurse of dreams.

No. 4.

My Second has saddled the palfrey white,  
Anasaddled the roaster brown,  
Andawn on his hoots by the stable doo

(See Page 7)





MOTHER.—"Why, Lucy, you should not sit Sasy's coat! I will have to teach you the 'a' of the rule."

INNOCENT LUCY.—"What's that, Mrs. is it something to teach skipping with?"



Another of the 'Pleasures of Living in the Suburbs.'

What you may expect from one of the inhabitants, while stooping down to the pier side.

For a ride to the distant town.  
But why is my lady's cheek so pale,  
And why my lady's eyes so dim?  
As she sweeps through the lane with a loosened rein  
And my Second in the rear?

Ah, me! that the hand which clips the mane  
And trims the jellor's tail  
Should bring me in Fife in a clasp of love  
When they reach the altar rail!  
My Second's First had been father wood  
Near the milking-pail and bowl,  
And my First is spoiling her Second good  
By making him my Whole!

No. 5.

We read of the days when some dreary old sinner  
Might come as a raint to some dreary old sinner  
By taking to berries and roots for his dinner,  
And quenching his thirst from my Second.  
Such a saint took it easy—was freely supplied  
With enough for both hunger and thirst;  
Though his taber was furnished, it could be denied,  
With such had style of my First.

Then we read how some travelour gommand and gay,  
When his way became lonesome or lost,  
Would put up for a night, and for once in a way,  
With a feeder like this for a host—  
But he rarely, we find, took a permanent taste  
For such nurture of body and soul.—  
And we quite understand, when the cock crew, his  
haste

To help forward the hour of my Whole.

No. 6.

It swells, and dies! I lean to hear  
'Mid the gloom of an old cathedral aisle;  
And my Second speaks to heart and ear  
Like the voice of the ancient pile;  
As if e'er the organ had rare,  
In chimes stalled and in chimes fair,  
Had part in the choral hymn,  
With the trump of stone that the angels hear  
At the shrine of the stone knight kneeling there;  
While the carved saints seem all at prayer,  
As it flows through the cloister dim—  
The prophet voice of the grand old pile,  
That my Second pours down the long-drawn aisle!

But it isn't a prayer that my Whole awakes,  
When it means and shrieks in the tortured air,  
Like a spirit choked by the sounds it makes,  
As I would to the Lord it were!  
Its vagabond friend is the puppet-show,  
All box above and legs below,  
And it writhes far and wide.  
With music blest from the shrines of song,  
That reels and raves for the rabble throng,  
As though it were drunk with drawing long

From my First, in its own inside.  
How came such Whole, with its tipay size,  
By the stately name that my Second bears?

No. 7.

The lane was long, and the lady was short,  
And the hour was getting late,  
So, to make the way more like herself,  
She passed through the sun-downd gate.  
At the gate she lay, and have been the straight,  
And why was there nobody by?  
To tell her the glass was very low,  
And my Second very high?

She came where that Second stopped the way,"  
And she strove to pass by,  
And the wiser course she could follow now  
Would he, just to—do my First:  
That to do my First was her chance at last  
To get home ere the drenching rain;  
And the way to make matters square, in short,  
Was, at length, to go round by the lane.

But the lady felt that an error, born,  
Need be, therefore, aurst,  
And the wiser course she could follow now  
Would he, just to—do my First:  
That to do my First was her chance at last  
To get home ere the drenching rain;  
And the way to make matters square, in short,  
Was, at length, to go round by the lane.

So she did my First; but I can't deny  
That the lady came home in a pet,  
And her look, I must own, was uncomely dry,  
As she said, "I'm uncomely wet!"

And I did through my Second. Had that been my

Whole?

As for ladies, my Second should be,  
It had done my First, and, from bonnet to sole

Would have saved from this drenching, poor me!

No. 8.

My First you may know by the old brown coat  
Set off with a vest of red,  
In which he comes through the winter's snow,  
To beg at your door for bread.

And never away from the door unfed

Will the children let him go,

Because of a pious deed he did

To some children long ago.

And the children, when he was abroad,

And the summer eves are long,

He pays his debt, as a minister should,

By filling their paths with song;

And the singer, still, that the child loves best

Is the old brown coat and the crimson vest.

A story lives, in the faire land,

On which the child is fed,

Of a fair young maid whom love decked out  
In my Second, warm and red.  
But the little maiden's walk abroad  
Is a legend harsh to hear,  
And the moral wrapped in the scarlet cloak  
Is full of a cruel fear;

And the child is chilled as he creeps to bed

To dream of the maid with my Second, red.

"Tis ages long since last my Whole  
In the woodland ways was seen,  
With his bugle stung in his baldric broad,  
And his coat of the Lincoln green.  
No! I did not see him, and I do not  
He crepted in the straight light clear,  
And his ladies, wide as the forest glades,  
Was filled with the forest deer.  
His table was spread in the oak-tree shade,  
Wherever he cared to dine;  
And they setted his fish in the friar's pond,  
And his drink was the Abbotts wine.  
The jolly churchole paid him tithes,  
And his dinner hunger paid his tix;  
For his levies were made by his very men  
With the long bows and the battle spears.  
His law was fashioned to the hour,  
And published through the wood,  
That he took because he had the power,  
And kept because he could.  
His logic grew by his own good word,  
And his strength on the yew-tree strong,  
And he did justice in the wood and right,  
And some right by reason of wrong;  
For an outlawed head and a gallant soul  
Met in the wild name of my whole.

No. 9.

Trove well the birds who strung their lyres in ho so o  
my First.  
And paint her always at her best, should know her at her  
I don't believe this pot of twelve such a beauty would be  
reknowned  
If they could not see her off-sung face as she shows it to  
my second.

Eleven sisters has my First: not one of them so fair  
As she is; the roses round her feet and the rainbows in  
her hair.  
But she suffers from a chronic cold by my Second's side 'tis  
said,  
And has always her feet in water, and a nightcap on her  
head:

The ports call her gentle, too; they're seen her when she  
goes to bed.  
But her temper can be sharp enough, and her manners far  
from mild.

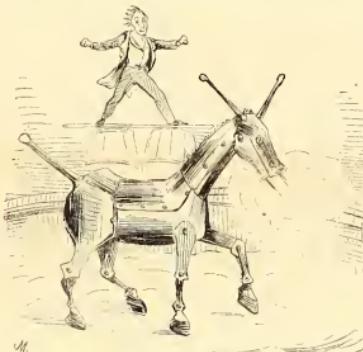
And there are who have seen her sulky in her home by my  
Second's side,

Because he refused a gown of green and roses to his bride.

(See Page 10.)



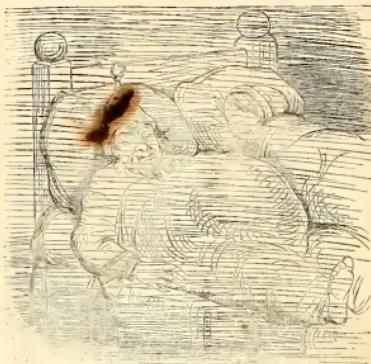
Mr. Whippleton exclaims to Mrs. W., 'sharer of his joys, and partner of his woes, in order to pave the way to that birth in the Cabin House, it will be necessary to send something nice to long Abe at Christmas. Now, what shall it be?'



And a donkey engine engaged to perform the severe labors.



Arrives at Springfield, is transferred to a wagon. The Lincoln mansion, from the graphic pencil of Mr. Lincoln, Jr., can be seen in the left hand corner.



Can't think, and no reserves to sleep on it.



Hooray! 'tis done.



Mr. L., Mrs. L. and all the little L.'s look with amazement on the wonderful construction.

## Mr. Plum Pudding.



In the silent watches of the night, it comes upon him. It must, it shall be a plum pudding of most magnificent dimensions.



Cooks are engaged in supervising the construction thereof.



But what next? Mr. W. in the most unfeeling manner desides him and his pudding, imagining that it will prove too large to move.



But genius conquers all things, and Whipplepot gets his pudding on a car at last.



Mr. L. proceeds to carve it in a characteristic manner.



Takes a little of the pudding cold March 5th, 1861, just after being extremely sorry, that nothing could be done just now for Mr. Whipplepot.



Easier said than done.

Mr. PAPER.—*Thos. G. Neri's tobacco in this canister. Put your hand in; you'll find plenty at the bottom.*

Mr. MCPAWS.—*Oh, yes it's all very easy to say put your hand in.*



Too Much of a Good Thing.

SMITHINGTON.—*Dearest, will you except my heart and hand?*  
Miss JONES.—*Well, ready as that is to me—the truth is I am afraid we're in* *so much of a good thing.*

Yet he built her a home of crystal spars, and gave her robes of white.  
And he provided all the roof with stars to make her palace bright;  
He hung in her ears, huge diamonds, and her couch was studded with gold.  
But still my First, looked chill on him whatever my second could do.  
He had the Northern lights perform in honor of his guest, and when the very winds slept, that they might not break his heart;  
He child the sun from dancing, and the rivers in their flight  
But she never would pay him with a smile our poets call so bright.

As for my Whole, I rather think if you followed with my First,  
And I'd tip it up to do her grace, in my second's clime secure;  
And tried our Christmas pastimes there, you'd find it might be reckoned  
Just about as easy to clime my Whole as to clime my tailor Second.

No. 10.

Pale, to-day, my lady lies,  
Very lase and wan,  
From the love deep in her eyes  
All the light has gone;—  
Lacking that wherein it fed,  
On her cheek my First lies dead.

Why are my lady's lips so cold?  
They tell me it's the white!  
And where is the love whose speech of old  
In that dim eye was light?  
Smote back this shadow of the grave,  
And save, oh! Virgin Second, save.

Too late, dull lover! all too weak  
They tell me was my strength;  
Sister die!—Die!—Die!—Die!—Die!—Die!  
Of the chill of waiting long,  
My Virgin Second came to aid,  
When out of the chill my lady prayed.

She took my lady to her breast,  
And she did not let her break the rest;  
And she will not let me break the rest,  
That true love won through weeping.  
But being sweet strengthenings of my Whole,  
And though thy love's heartفور December  
Wear thou subl strewings near thy soul,  
And, "pray you, love, remember!"

No. 11.

Kings, Lords and Commons to my First repeat  
And beggar and jolly harlots there,

Should foreign foes invade us there would be  
My Second ready to dispute the sea,  
Without my Whole it may e' truly said  
No honest woman ever yet did wed.

No. 12.

My First is made of iron, tough and bright;  
My second dims it often in a night;  
Yet of my Whole you've eaten times and oft,  
And strange to say, have found it hard and soft.

Tell me the Number thought by a person.

1. Desire a person to think of a number. Ask him to triple it; after which ask him to take one-half of this product; then ask him to add the number he had to consider the next whole number as the half; then desire him to triple this half, after which ask him how often 9 is contained in it without reference to the remainder. This number divided and I added to the result will be the number thought of.

Suppose the number thought of to be 7, triple it is 21. Half of this is 10½, but the next whole number is 11, which is the one to be operated with; triple this is 33. In 33 there are 3 sevens; 3 double is 6, which being added to 1, makes 7; the number thought of.

2. Another Method of Performing the Same.

Ask the person thinking of the number to multiply the number by 9; then add 1 to the product; then ask him to add one to the number thought of; and then to multiply this number by itself. Now ask him to tell you the differences between the two products, and the half of this, rejecting the fraction, (if there be any) will be the number thought of.

Suppose 9 to be the number; multiplied by itself is 81 and 1 to 9, 10, which multiplied by itself is 100. The difference between 81 and 100 is 19; the half of 19 is 9½. Rejecting the fraction, we have 9, the number thought of.

3. Another Method.

Desire the person to take 1 from the number thought of and to deduct the remainder; then bid him to multiply this double and add it to the number thought of; ask the result of this addition, add 3 to it, and divide by 3; the quotient will be the number thought of.

4. Another Method.

Desire the person to multiply the number thought of by 3, then add 2 to the result to multiply by 10, and then add one by 3, and add it to the number thought of; and to tell you the number. Subtract 3 and divide by 10, and the quotient will be the number thought of. For instance, 8 be the number thought of, multiply by 3 is 24, add 1, we have 25. Multiply again by 3, we have 75; add one to the number thought of, we have 83; subtract 3, and we have 80; divide by 10, we have 8, the number thought of.

5. A Very Ingenious Method of Performing the Same results

Prepare 5 slips of paper with the following numbers thereon; letter each column, and when you come to perform the apparently mysterious feat, remember with what number each column begins—A 1, B 2, C 4, D 8 E 16, F 32. This is all it is necessary to remember; but be careful you make no error in copying your figures, or you will certainly fail.

A.	B.	C.	D.	E.	F.
1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	27	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	40	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	39	42	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	42	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	53	57	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

When you wish to perform the feat you hand these slips to the person, and desire him to add the number which he has thought, as "a" is on the slip marked A, "b" on the slip marked B, "c" on the slip marked C &c. till you have enquired about each one; then remembering the slips on which he said the number was to be found; then add the number which is on the slip marked A to the number which is on the slip marked B, and the sum of these two will be the number thought of. This is one of the most curious and interesting numbers in the world, and the sum will appear very wonderful to any one not in the secret.

Suppose the number thought of is 61, this number is only found in columns B, (2) C, (4) D, (8) E, (16) F, add these together and you have 32, 8, 4, 2—4, the number required.

Another good plan is to bid the person selecting the number to hand you back the slips which do not contain the number; add together the top figures of these, and subtract their sum from 63, the remainder will be the number required. Thus if the number thought of is 61, this is 32, 8, 4, 2—4, subtract 61—61, number desired. Remember that the only number that appears on all the slips is 63.



cate Subject.

*Pat Sora.*—*(and waiting.)* Miss Blanche, when I see you thus employed I wish I were a small pretty puppy myself, and then, perhaps, I too might be happy.



A Pleasant Family Party.

## Shadow Buff.

This can only be played well in the evenings in winter. It is a very quiet game, except in the laughter it causes, and it calls forth all the ingenuity of the players. The white curtain of the window being pulled down, is fastened to the wall, so that a sheet of white paper or a cloth or sheet may be tacked against the wall of the apartment. The lamp or candles are removed to the opposite end, and the person chosen to act the blind man, sometimes called the "Buffy," is blindfolded by his friends, so to the curtain and his back to the company. Everything being prepared, the players pass between the light and the blind man, throwing their shadows upon the curtain, and

fun consists in the players disguising themselves in various ways to deceive "Buffy."

Fig. 1 Charles' shadow, which *Blanche* immediately recognises.

Fig. 3. Of course this is Maria's form as we all know.

ways to deceive "Buffy." This may be done with imitative turbans, and artificial beards, paper noses, spectacles, etc. The greatest quietness must be observed on the part of those whose shadows are exhibited, so that they may not be recognised by their voices and a disguised voice may be used to assist any disguise that may be assumed.

A better plan of playing this game is to arrange a room which has folding doors, and make the figures disappear.

## Jumping Through the ceiling.

Perhaps there is no game more mystifying than this, or one which if well managed, will cause more laughter. There must be two persons, one remaining by folding doors, the other being blindfolded and opened with a key across. All the lights must be removed from that in which the spectators are, and only one retained behind the sheet. (Indeed the spectators might to behold the wonderful trick.) In the upper part of the room, there are two fixed two-stool, higher than the other, and as far back in a straight line from the sheet as possible; the highest stool farthest away from the sheet. The light is placed on the lower stool. The actor then takes his place behind the sheet, and the person who has the key, is led in to the front of the sheet, to behold the wonderful performance. The actor's shadow, when near the curtain will be of little more than his size. The actor's shadow, when near the stool, will be of twice more than his size. Then he recedes gradually toward the light, when it assumes gigantic proportions. He can vary the entertainment by making the shadow as grotesque as possible. When at times the shadow appears to be too ceiling, he steps quickly upon the low stool on which the candle is over the light, on to the higher one, when his shadow will apparently go right through the ceiling and be seen.

We give this game a few more simple tricks in large order, so that it will be the little winter evenings merry— to enliven the little winter party, or bring in the laugh at Thanksgiving or Christmas. We advise our subscribers to preserve them, for they will be useful every year, and will be a constant source of amusement.



Fig. 2. The same Charles disguised in a nightcap, green shade, hair brush for beard, and paper's old coat.

## Money Augmented by an optical Delusion.

In a large drinking glass of a conical shape, [small at the bottom and wide at the top] put a dime, and let the glass be half full of water; then place a plate on top of it, and turn it quickly over that the water may not escape. You will see a dime in the plate, a coin the size of a cent will do; and a little higher up, another the size of a dime.

It will add to the amusement of this experiment, if, by giving the glass to one of the company, (but who of course does not know your operations,) and desiring him to throw away the water, but save the pieces; he will not be a little surprised at finding a dime.

To Fill a glass with water that it cannot be removed without Spilling the whole.

This is a mere trick; but may afford some amusement. You offer to let any person that you will fill a glass with water that he shall not move it off the table without spilling the whole contents. You then take a piece of long, thin paper or this end over the top, you carefully turn the glass upside down on the table, and then drawing away the paper, you leave the water in the glass with its feet upwards. It will therefore be impossible to move the glass from the table without spilling every drop.

*Two figures, one of which Blows out the light, the other re-lights it.*

Make two figures, of any shape or materials you please; insert in the mouth of one a small tube, at the end of which is a piece of phosphorus, and in the mouth of the other a tube containing a few grains of gunpowder; taking care that each is retained in the tube by a piece of paper. If the second figure be applied to the flame of a taper, it will extinguish it; and the first will light it again.

## The Glass of Wine under the hat.

Pick a glass of wine upon a table, and having put a hat over it, offer to lay any of the company a wager that you will drink the wine without taking up the glass. When they have accepted, particularly if they are not persons who touch the hat; then get underneath the table, and commence sucking and smacking your lips as though you were swallowing the wine with considerable gusto. After a few moments, get out from under the table, and say to the person who accepted your wager, "Now, sir!" His credulity will immediately induce him to raise up the hat, in order to ascertain if the wine he drinks. Immediately he does so take up the glass, and having swallowed its contents, say "I have won." I have drunk the wine, without lifting up the hat." This trick generally excites much laughter against the simpleton, who thus dupes himself.

*The FLAT SYSTEM.*—Building operatives are all ali just now with Hautton, the architect's new system dwelling-houses, according to what the *Scotsman* says. There is no novelty at all about it. We know plenty of people who manage already to live altogether upon *flat*



Pop goes the Weasel.

Mr. Weasel has evidently made a miscalculation, in attacking a vulture's egg.



A fearful nightmare to which Mr. Billington was subject after indulging freely in holiday exercises.

#### Should a Body Meet a Body,

If a feller catch a feller carrying off his wood, should a feller whale a feller if a feller could!—*Granston's Express*.

If a body catch a body stealing his old "egg," should a body catch a body till a body cry?—*Cheerful Envoy*.

If a body spy a body creeping round his lot, should a body treat a body to a load of shot?—*Nowick News*.

If a body catch a body stealing his Express, should a body seize a body and try to get redress?—*Petersburg Express*.

If a body wants a body his stores to patronize, should a body pay a body for to advertise?—*Lyceum Express*.

If a body see a body, should a body kick a body just for doing that?—*Wash. Star*.

If a body catch a body in his matron, should a body make a body suddenly to scratch?—*Kendall Co. Courier*.

If a body catch a body stealing all his checkers, should a body make a body catch him?—*Common Democrat*.

If a body catch a body stealing all his corn, should a body make a body wish he wasn't born?—*Jamesboro' (Ill.) Gazette*.

If a body ask a body to take the country news, should a body tell a body I beg you to excuse me?—*Home Journal*.

If a body catch a body hooking his hen's eggs, should a body make a body take unto his legs?—*Plano Journal*.

If a body hear a body say—"I pay my printing bill," would a body think a body for such an expression of will?—*Maryland Sentinel*.

If a body meet a body who never reads the Times, should a body ask a body to shell out the dimes?—*Wash. Star*.

If a body kick a body in the mister, should a body kick a body till a body war?—*Florida Peninsula*.

If a body sees a body kiss his little wife, should a body thresh a body within an inch of life?—*Charleston Ledger*.

If a body saw an editor steal his editor's copy, should a body's editor give the editor an editorial pop?—*Kankakee Democ.*

If a body sees a body subdue stuff as this indite, should a body think a body's wife had taken night?—*Candy Monthly*.

**HOW TO GET CHEESE TO MARKET.**—An Eastern man

wrote us that a stage-driver, by whose side he was riding on the box a few weeks ago, told him the following story as they passed a village looking far and wide for the old fashioned cheese he had in his pocket. "I say," said he, "you can get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?"

"The trader took another look at the old man and more evidence of its being alive, replied, "Well, let it be a day or two longer, and I give you can drive it down?"

#### SEVEN OBSTACLES TO MATRIMONY.

Enchanting girl! thy form so fair  
In playful dreams around me dances;

Thy smile so bright, thy voice so clear;  
Thy dimples cheek, thy jet black hair,

But oh! those eyes, those lovely eyes;

With joy and innocence still gleaming;

The winged light comes with thy lies;

Then do the glances from those eyes,

With pleasure beaming.

I'd was then, maiden, were it not  
That woing thee might prove bewild'ring;  
I'd whoo thee, maiden, were it not  
For this one thing—a wife I've got.

And six small children.

eye caught a notice, "No smoking allowed in this store!" "Well!" he exclaimed, "that is a pretty joke! you sell a chap segars, and then won't let him smoke them!" "Yes," replied the druggist, "and sell smetics," too, but I don't intend to have them taken here."

**VIRTUE vs. PETROF.**—Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake virtues for principles.

**GENIUS.**—Voltaire held that it is only a very slight line of separation that divides the man of genius from the man of sciolism. And if this be so, that stupid Englishman might not have been a sciolist, for, fearing after all, who, on the sculptor Canova's death, inquired of his brother whether it was "his intention to carry on the business?"

**TONS OF WINE.**—While that jester was a member of the General Assembly of the State of W. Va., he brought in a bill for the abolition of public punishment at the whipping-post. He made a speech thereon, to which an elderly member replied as follows: "Sir, I have been here since 1812, and has not seen so much of the practical operation of the system of punishment which he desires to abolish. When I lived in Connecticut, if a fellow stole a horse, or cut up any other trash, we used to thrash the right out of him, and we never saw him any more. The best way of getting rid of rogues that ever was tried, and without any expense to the state." Calvin rose and replied: "Mr. Speaker, I have often been told that for the vast emigration from Connecticut to the West, the gentle- man last up has explained it to my entire satisfaction." The bill was passed without further discussion.

**THE WOODEN HORSE.**—There were several families whose assignment it was necessary to get to a land warrant. One of the sisters resided in New York, and upon writing to her for her signature, the following answer was received:

M. Co.,

May 25, 1860.

"Mr. G. — I will answer You in a few words to what you ask me to do with you to explain it to me and if it is what I think it is. I will not do my assignment until you pay me my share for them as acted the yellow dog as long as be with me for I now am able to get a horse and you will give me dollars with the land warrant and then I will sign it but not without and if be will do that you can send it to John Greber attorney of M. — M. County, Ind.

"Please to ride a little plainer the next time."



All the World's a Stage.

**APPLYING THE SERMON, WITH A QUALIFICATION.**—An imbecile, belonging to Peebles, had been sitting at church for some time, listening attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit of the guilt and falsehood in Christian characters. He had been moved to tears and groan very uneasy, until at last, as if winning under the supposed attack upon himself personally, he reared out—"Indeed, minister, there's mair leens in Peebles than me."

**A PAIR OF KNOW NOTHINGS.**—Old Lord Elphinstone was asleep at church, while the minister, a very addle-headed preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped and cried

"Aye, aye, in Lord Aphinstone."

"I'm no sleepin', minister."

"Bet ye are sleepin'—I wager ye dinna ken what ye said last."

"Ye said, waukin, my Lord Aphinstone."

"Ay, ay, but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last for that?"

"I wager ye dinna ken yersel'."

**NOT THE PLACE.**—The following occurred in a country druggist's shop, where cigars and other nauseous substances are sold. A person having purchased some Havanas, commenced smoking one of them, when his





A Great accession of Fortune.

LITTLE GIRL. (Genuinely excited) "Ow! Ow! Look here Eddy! Thattress mewst ha' blucandekitchandlerherandgreencautwhoholekithigants'asigment—Clip.

The Bar of Soap:  
OR, THE FRANTIC WASHERWOMAN.

BY H'ARPEROUS, M. B., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Twas a beautiful day in the month of September, when the solitary horseman, had he been riding in that direction, could have seen in a damp valley in the territory of the terrible and ferocious Di, gers, an extensive encampment of the military company, in the service of Uncle Sam. The soldiers, who were many in number, had a dozen well-smoked tents, four camp-kettles, and an iron pot, commanded by one whole officer, fifty men and one horse, the washerwoman.

The horseman, and evidently its beauty was not at all appreciated; for the captain was growing over his blue-mass padding, and did not seem any happier even when doused in his quinine punch. He shook his Dutch soap-bowl, the water splashed, and a shower in the next instant, shook; there was a general stamping, not a man, not a woman, not all shook from a very natural consequence; "they couldn't help it for the insidious 'eggs' had quite possessed of em, and grazed the vitals of every here." You all crept into your respective holes, the washerwoman, who, being fortunately possessed of more than ordinary durable or invincible vitals, had not required the concentrated strength of an Illinois and Michigan bridge to support her, was the only one left in the least, our heroine, the washerwoman. The author will now rest and take some refreshments, and defer the labor of describing our heroine, the washerwoman, to—

CHAPTER II.

As it is customary to describe the personal appearance of the hero or heroine of a story, I have to do so here, (being in the grocery line) and shot them up here with "our heroine, the washerwoman." But before I proceed further, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to illustrate my present position, and necessary requirements by an anecdote. I have a strong line of argument in favor of my profanity. He could invent oaths as fast as a Yankee could notches, and whenever he took a regular out-and-out swearing fit, he was sure to draw a crowd, who listened in number, and with a unanimous facility. Our heroine, in earning a load of sand to fill the washer-board of his cart had fallen out, and he did not discover it until he arrived at his destination, by which time, the greater portion of his load was lost. A crowd fell weeping, and wailing, and wailing, and wailing, and wailing, and wailing.

He gazed for a moment on the long trail of sand behind him, wiped his brow, looked at the crowd, and exclaimed:—"Gentlemen, I can't find words suitable for the occasion, but that is the only name for your author. However, 'our heroine, the washerwoman,' has a particular style of beauty, such as it is. Her head is as round and as hard as a cannon-ball, which is certainly indicative of strength. She has a load of sand clinging, suggesting a fiery disposition, her nose is crooked, her mouth pinched, and a line running each side of the base of solid nose to the corners of her mouth, leaves an immense prairie in the mountainousness of the other sea, usually grow. Her teeth are the size of small stones, and her eyes precipitate retreat under her brows. She has arms that would sweep me up as a first-class pugilist; her shoulder-blades are in the middle of her back; she stands solidly on

the ground, and her form is the beau ideal of "a log of meat, with a string tied round the middle." Such are the principal features of our heroine, the washerwoman. As the act was an engagement with one of the "Bourbons," you will excuse him for resiling a hair, until he fortifies himself for a description of the Bar of Soap, to be found in—

CHAPTER III.

Family soap, No. 1, Wood's make, two and a half pounds is the quantity, and either make or break, as you please round the corner, and carry it home. As it is essential to this history, you should know the quality only, and not expect the author to use more soap than is necessary to slide to—

CHAPTER IV.

We will return to our hero, and his celebrated Sooth Poh. She had just proceeded to hang one of the sheets of music on a line, when, horrors! what did she behold? A wretched Digger? Why do her potato-cheeks grow flushed? Does she see danger? Yes; danger danger! Is he to be taken? She has a load of sand, and is trying her rushes to extinguish the "murdering villain." For further account of the villain aforesaid, see—

CHAPTER V.

The "murdering villain" was one of the "military" who had just taken a dose of quinine to exercise the muscles of his face. He was in the act of grinning and shaking a wooden stick, when a load of sand fell on his head. ("The rent is too horrible, and much too long.)

CHAPTER VI.

He fled; she pursued; he reached the top of a mountain she was there also; with one brave dash she broke the bands of her hair, frying-pot on the nose of the villain, and was proceeding to catch him with the hair of his head, when, by some accident, he lost the grip of himself, he shot the balance of himself off, and leaped to the valley below. The bar of soap followed him, shot by the experienced hand of our heroine, and broke his neck in the fall. She had a load of sand, and a large lot of estate from the same locality, that had been his for years. Our heroine returned to camp in safety. Tea-persussion cups were fired in her honor, besides receiving a large order for leather-winged bats, otherwise called doughnuts.

LUXURIOUS.—Pai O'Flaherty said that his wife was very luxuriant, for "when I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em."

NO MATCH.—A lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone!" To which she replied—"No, not the brimstone—on'y the spark!"

HINT TO TRAVELERS.—"Do you see this stick, Sir?" said a very stupid acquaintance to Sydney Smith. "This stick has been all round the world, Sir."

"Indeed," said the remorseless Sydney; "and yet it is only a stick!"

The story is venerable but pertinent.

A TRAP.

The best of us sometimes fall into traps and scrapes when least expected. The residents at Court were most anxious to free themselves from this danger, and it was most nobly exemplified at B—. Phœbe only a little while since. A most distinguished and illustrious personage sometimes employs herself by making verses to amuse the royal children. The amiable lady in question had just completed a couplet, of which she herself had had an indifferent opinion, when Colonel P— entered. "See, Colonel," said the amiable mother, "I have just traps them for you, and I!" The Hon. Colonel, however, said it, "Your M— is perfectly in the right; it is so." "Did you ever read anything so vile?" "Never, upon my word!" "I am happy to tell you my mind candidly. I wrote it myself!" "Your M—?" said the Colonel, in confusion. "I read it very hastily." "No, no, Colonel, first thoughts are commonly the best. I agree with you, and I shall therefore commit the poem to the flames."

HERS VS. STOCKINGS.—A country girl recently asked a town acquaintance to go with her to purchase some articles, and to act as spokeswoman. They entered a shop and the girl asked,

"How much are these?"

"I don't want these," said the country maiden; "I want stockings."

A PITCHES BATTLE.—A couple of sailors were recently arrested for throwing buckets of tar over each other. It was a pitch-battle.

LEASANT EXCURSION.

Since the Englishmen give a very full account of the manner in which recruiting for Garibaldi has been carried on in England. Here is a copy of an advertisement in the London journals, he said "A Pleasant Excursion to the South of Italy." "A select party of Englishmen, ladies, and gentlemen, are invited to visit South Italy. The excursionists will be furnished with means for self-defence, and will have a view to recognizing each other will be attired in a picturesque and uniform costume. General Garibaldi has liberally granted the excursionists a free passage to Sicily and Italy; and they will be supplied with rations and clothing suitable for the climate. The excursionists will be attired in a picturesque and uniform costume with a view to recognizing each other, are among the neatest modes of "whipping the devil round the stamp" ever recorded.

HOW TO KEEP HIM.—A toper, being on a visit to a neighboring square, when a very small glass was set before him after dinner, pulled the servant by the skirts, and thus expostulated with him. "What is this glass for? Does your master wish to keep me here all night?"



COOL.

"Alphonse, allow me to introduce to you my very fine friend.

INATIONS RECEIVED  
for any  
CHARITABLE  
OBJECT



Pity the Poor Office Seeker.

## On the Stump.

Pat T. — and Jim D. — were both distinguished lawyers and favorite masters of the Guard State. Also they are both now dead—one having been taken of by death, and the other by a dispensation of the General Government, making him Chief Justice of New Mexico. But at the time of which I write, they were both still spouting eloquence before the people. This was before men had learned to bring politics into a canvas for a judicial office, and our candidates were forced to resort to wit, repartee, anecdote, and pun, in order to show themselves off before the sevengate. But they were both *masters*.

It so happened that a great political meeting was held in one of the river counties of their district, at which both had our audience in the present and addressed the people. But before the hour of speaking arrived, T. —, who was one of the most honest men of the State, moving among the masses, met a jolly, independent voter, named Miller, who had come to the meeting to hear the speakers.

"And this is Pat T. —?" Well, Pat, I am glad to see you; and I intend to vote for you."

T. — replied—"I am happy to hear you say so, Mr. Miller, being a good man, and I desire to be elected, and I intend to vote for every friend I have."

"Well, Pat," said Miller, "you may depend on my vote. You are a large, portly, gook-looking man, like myself, and I like to see such men in office—especially myself."

"Of course, Mr. Miller, you only remember, perhaps you had better not make up your mind till you see Mr. D. —," and hear us speak, for you may regret it."

Miller answered—"No, I won't regret it. I am for D. — in a little while, but I am a fast-faded fellow, and I'll strong-armed to carry a pumpkin on his shoulders, and I'll never vote for such a man."

"I replied—"It is true Mr. D. — is not very

large, nor very good-looking; but he is an able lawyer and an estimable gentleman; and I shall deem it an honor to be beaten by him, and a victory worth boasting of to beat him. But I will not censure for him. I shall make your vote, and will thank you for it, when you make the cause of your support. But Mr. D. — is speaking; let us hear him."

D. — occupied his hour in his usual felicitous manner, disengaging his hour in his usual felicitous manner, disengaging his hour with his eloquence, and conning with it with a smile. T. —'s reply was equally happy, and closed with a spirited report of his conversation with Miller, which brought down the crowd in thunder of applause.

As soon as the engineer had finished his speech, he turned to the platform and said to T. —, "For an introduction to his law and friend T. —, for an introduction to his friend Miller. The latter being on the stand, arose to receive the introduction, when D. — took his hand, and in his blandest and gravest tones said to him, "I thank you."

"Mr. D. —, I thank you, and thank you. You have relieved my mind of a weight that has been oppressing me all my life. When I was a school-boy, the teacher told me I had a pumpkin head, and I have been laboring under

that impression from that day to this. You are the first man to lift it from my soul, and I most sincerely thank you. But now, sir, let me ask you, have you any son?"

"Yes, sir, I have a son, and he is a member of this great republic," said T. —, who was very fond of his son.

"Would you rather write for a little, shivered up, wan-faced fellow like me, who is not able to carry a friend?" said Pat T. —, who was a great hookey like my friend Pat T. —.

"I don't know, sir, but I have a son, and he is a

the best man I ever imagined, it cannot be described, and I will only add, that, if the story itself raised a thunder-

storm, the retort created a perfect earthquake.

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A F R E E C O U N T E Y — In the year 1856, while the Illinois Central Railroad was being built through the prairie of Illinois, a man, named Engle, a h. man, some curiously was excited among the people, and many strange stories told about the habits of the iron master. He was continually coming nearer and nearer the new track, was put down.

One day Mrs. Belchek had

to the village to see the new engine pass on the track that had been completed as for as that place a few days before.

On her return however, she took her way along the track, though not the nearest way, but the most difficult, and when she had come near the engine, she had started her nerves. Still she was firm. The engine stopped, and the engineer called to her to get off the track. But she only turned her head to say, "Not away, if you want to, you'll have to wait with me."

"This is a free country. I've heard about you along driving people out of the road; but you'll not scare

with your tool—tool—locking!" The engineer was obliged to go ahead and remove her by force.

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A Domestic Scene.

FANNY.—"Now what do you want?"  
NELLY.—"I've brought up the tea, ma'am."  
FANNY.—"Oh! no, you mustn't bring up the tea; you're a soap-fat man."  
NELEY.—"No I isn't; I'm Bridget."  
FANNY.—"No you ain't!"  
NELEY.—"Yes I am."  
FANNY.—"Oh! don't be a Bridget. Be a soap-fat man, it's much nicer to be a soap-fat man."



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## Elephant's Eggs.

At the last fair at Tarseon, France, there were of course assembled a troupe of gymnasts, jugglers, acrobats, and a multitude of menageries, in one of which was an Asiatic elephant remarkable for the largeness of his ears. His owner called him Kieuiki II.

Among the acrobatic troupe was a maker of rod staves, recently so popular in England and America. He traveled with the show, and reduced a couple of coins from the pockets of many a patron of it by selling him a balloon.

A countryman stopped one day before the menagerie tent, and enticed by a painted representation of the elephant, paid his money to see him. Astonished at his size, he asked the balloon man as he went out:

"Does that heart bring forth young, or lay eggs?"

Without a moment's hesitation, the mountebank replied:

higher—and carrying with it his wife's handkerchief.

He believed that the elephant was about to be hatched, and it was not long after the egg was out of sight that he returned home, crestfallen. "Hi with a salve here, where the handkerchief was he promised to bring her. Then he narrated the entire adventure. The good woman opened her eyes and ears, and seeing her husband's grief not only at the loss of the elephant, but of the handkerchief, exploded into tears.

"Content yourself, husband; I'll be content with my black handkerchief, and I'm glad to know that the poor baby hasn't gone off without swaddling clothes!"

"What did you say was the principle of the Telescope?" "Why, it makes two people into one." "What a delightful invention."

"So, there's another corruption of Mount Vesuvius!" said Mrs. Partington, as she put up her spectacles. "The paper tells about burning lather running down the mountains, but it don't tell how it got afire."

## PLAYS!

## PLAYS!

## PLAYS!

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